A POWER COMIC

INSIDE: YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A NEW BICYCLE—FREE!

SMASH!

No. 79
5th AUG. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 9c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

WHAT MONKEY BUSINESS IS THIS? WHEN JACK BENNY AND THE DYNAMIC DUO ENTER THE CROOKED "COLLECTOR'S" APARTMENT—THEY ARE SEIZED BY GRR-GRR GORILLAS!

HE--HE LET GO OF ME WHEN YOU PUNCHED HIM!

HNF?

I GUESS I DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!

GOSH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM THAT BAD!

YNK! YNK!

YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM AT ALL, MR. BENNY -- THAT POKE IN THE RIBS TICKLED HIM! HE'S LAUGHING!

BOB KANE

IMAGINE A GORILLA BEING TICKLISH!

THANK GOODNESS HE IS, MR. BENNY!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

MAYBE IT'LL WORK ON BATMAN'S FRIEND TOO!

HMM!?

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I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO GET MY LAUGHS THIS WAY!

YUK YUK YUK!

NOW FOR THE BATRANQUILIZER PELLETS WHILE THEY'RE STILL LAUGHING!

HEE HEE HEE HEE

DON'T CHEW - JUST SWALLOW!

PLUNK!

GULP!—FLIP THE PAGE, FANS!

Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

MOMENTS LATER...
THAT'LL HOLD THEM UNTIL WE CONTACT THE ZOO AUTHORITIES!
ZZZZZZZ
--SO NOW LET'S TAKE CARE OF "THE COLLECTOR!"
I'LL NEVER GIVE UP MR. BENNY'S STRADIVARIUS--IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU TO KEEP IT!
YOU THINK THAT LITTLE PEA-SHOOTER WILL STOP US??
YOU MEAN IT WON'T??
I DIDN'T EXPECT IT WOULD, SO--
AS IF FROM NOWHERE, "THE COLLECTOR'S" GUN-GIRLS APPEAR AT HIS SIDE!
WITH YOUR REPUTATION FOR CHIVALRY, I KNEW YOU'D NEVER FIGHT WOMEN!
BUT JACK BENNY ISN'T BOUND BY THOSE RULES!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, ROBIN--
--I'M JUST AS CHIVALROUS AS YOU ARE!
I KNOW THAT! I'M JUST CREATING A DIVERSION FOR BATMAN!
AND BATMAN USES THAT MOMENT TO ACTIVATE THE ELECTRO-BAT MAGNET IN HIS UTILITY BELT!
ZZT!
THE GUN-GIRLS' GUNS ARE YANKED THROUGH THE AIR--
AWK!
EEK!
BONK!
--AND THE GUN-GIRLS WITH THEM!
TIE UP OUR SLEEPING BEAUTIES, ROBIN!
YOU BET, BATMAN!
MY WEIGHT SAVED ME--AND I STILL HAVE A GUN, GENTLEMEN!
HAS "THE COLLECTOR" GOT THE DROP ON OUR HEROES? SEE NEXT WEEK!

PERCY'S PETS

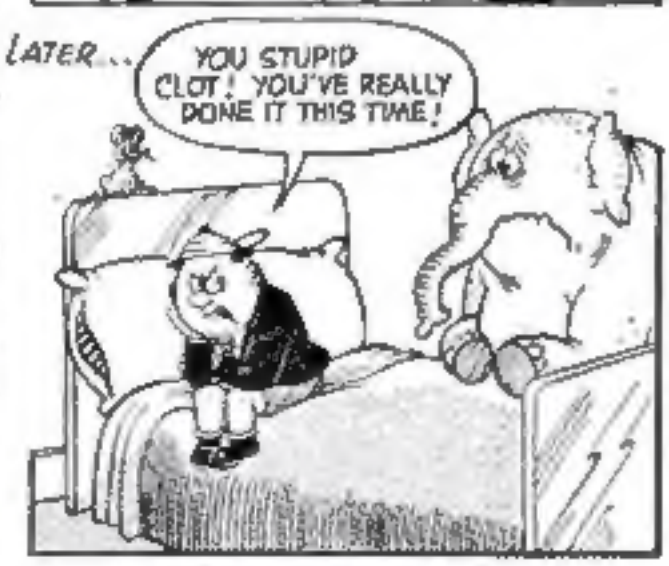
HO! HO! I LOVE TAKING A BATH AND WATCHING TELE-VISION AT THE SAME TIME!

ERK! DAD'LL GO MAD – JUMBO'S TAKING A BATH IN THE LOUNGE!
ULP! I'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

THAT MOMENT...
WWWAAAGH!
OH, NO! LOOK OUT, DAD!

GRRRR! WHAT'S YOUR PET ELEPHANT DOING BATHING IN THE LOUNGE? GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
Y-YES, DAD!

BAH! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! I'M SOAKED!


LATER...
YOU STUPID CLOT! YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME!

MEANWHILE...
GRR! I'LL HAVE TO PUT ON SOME OTHER CLOTHES, WHILE THESE DRY!

AND SO...
I'LL READ THE PAPER — WHILE I'M WAITING!

COO! WATCH OUT, DAD!
ZZZ! SNIFF! SNIFF!

YEAAGH! ME SUIT'S CAUGHT FIRE!
HOLD ON, DAD! JUMBO WILL PUT IT OUT!

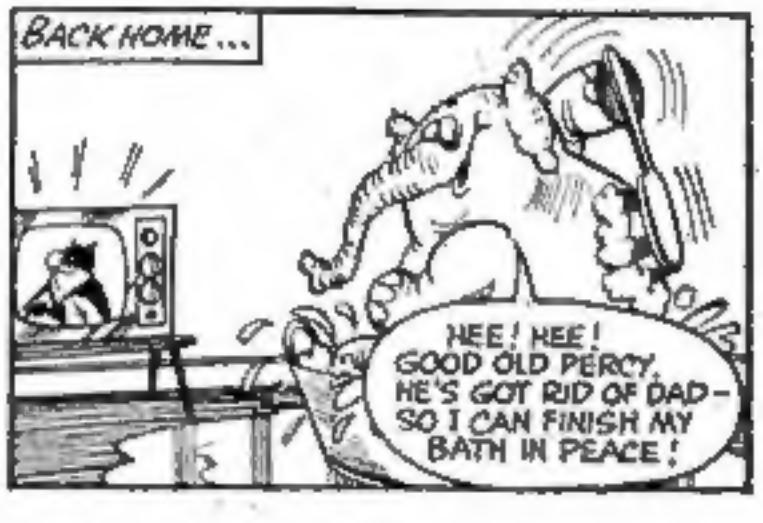
DON'T WORRY, PERCY, I'LL SOON PUT IT OUT!
O-QUICK! HURRY IT UP, JUMBO!

HELP!
G-GULP! I'VE HIT DAD AS WELL!
OH, NO! YOU'VE SOAKED DAD AGAIN!

GRRRRR! JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU!
NO...NO, DAD! JUMBO DID PUT OUT THE FIRE!

WAAGH! COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE HORROR!
NO... MERCY... S... STOP, DAD!

MANY HOURS LATER...
GRRR! WHERE ARE YOU?


BACK HOME...
HEE! HEE! GOOD OLD PERCY, HE'S GOT RID OF DAD – SO I CAN FINISH MY BATH IN PEACE!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

GOSH! THIS IS A CHANCE I CAN'T MISS!

BACK AT 3 P.M.

EH? SPEAK UP, ALBERT — I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO USE A TRUMPET! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PUT IT TO YOUR MOUTH AN' BLOW IT LIKE...

...THIS!

BLAST!

YOU... YOU YOUNG RASCAL! GET ME DOWN FROM HERE! HELP!

TCH! TCH! I SHOWED HIM HOW TO USE HIS TRUMPET PROPERLY BUT HE'S NOT A BIT GRATEFUL!

COO! I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A LOVELY NOISE WITH THIS!

RUMBLE!

WHAT'S THAT?

CRASH! BOOM!

THUNDER!! QUICK! LET'S GET HOME, THERE MUST BE A STORM COMING!

EEK! WE'LL GET DRENCHED! HURRY, GEORGE — I'LL GET MY LOVELY NEW BIKINI SOAKING WET AND RUIN IT!

BANG! BOOM!

GRRR! THERE'S STILL ONE LEFT! THE ROTTEN OL' DRUM WON'T MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKEN HIM!

BANG! CRASH!

GRRR! WAKE UP, YOU OLD GOAT! WAKE UP AN' RUN!

BANG! BANG!

I THOUGHT SO. SOMEONE'S MUCKING ABOUT WITH OUR INSTRUMENTS! COME ON!

THERE SHE IS! GET HER!

CRASH!

OOER! TIME I WAS OFF!

THOSE OLD FATTIES CAN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH ME!

ZOOM!

HEH! HEH! LEFT 'EM STANDING AN' I'M HARDLY OUT OF BREATH! HALLO, WHAT'S THIS?

LET'S SEE WHAT NOISE THIS WILL MAKE—

BAH! IT'S BROKEN! I CAN'T GET A SQUEAK OUT OF IT!

BLAM!

ERK!

GOOD DOG! HOLD HER TILL WE GET THERE!

LICK!

WELL DONE, FIDO—YOU FOUND THE DOG WHISTLE I DROPPED—IT WOULD BE NO GOOD TO ANYONE ELSE, IT'S PITCHED SO HIGH ONLY DOGS CAN HEAR IT!

PAT!

PAT!

NOW PENNY CAN MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS SHE LIKES AND WE'LL ALL ENJOY IT!

WAAH!

WAAH!

WAAH!

BASH!

TRY TO CRY IN TUNE OR I'LL BASH YOU HARDER!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

HAVE YOU NOTICED WHAT'S HAPPENED? Do you comic-paper fans feel DIFFERENT? You should because right now, all of a sudden (after years of incredible neglect by some eggheads who should have known better) comics are the "IN" thing!!

You can see what we mean all around you! The design of up-to-the-minute posters and advertisements, the editorial pages of the big, glossy magazines . . . all are "switched on" to comic-style art and illustration, to the comic-style use of "speech balloons" to put across a message!

And that's not all! Serious pop-art painters find their inspiration from such sources as the good ol' Power Pack! The Tate Gallery (and you can't get much more highbrow than that) recently purchased a high-priced painting, by American artist Lichenstein, called "WHAAM" (and how's that for significant coincidence?) which is based on a section of an adventure comic strip!

That's the way it is today! Everyone's getting the message! Comics are FUN! Comics are STYLISH! Comics are TREND! We could have told them a long time ago, right? But isn't it nice? . . . knowing that WE'VE been on the swinging wavelength all along!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Pamela Hamilton, Middlesbrough, Yorks.; Donald Mackay, Sandsaide, Dumfries; Roger Penney, Liskeard, Cornwall; Prescott Price, Edinburgh 7; Alan Novak, Hartlepool, Co. Durham; R. Bale, Romford, Essex; James Shaw, Belfast, Nth. Ireland; F. Kern, Borcham Wood, Herts.; Martin Parvin, Beckenham, Kent; Nigel Clarke, E. Finchley, London; Robin Heather, Dublin, Ireland; Xavier Guerrero, London, N.W.1; Edward Craggs, Aldborough, Yorks.; Geoffrey Read, E. Grinstead, Sussex; Murray Crawford, Basildon, Essex; Steward Leverett, Beccles, Suffolk; M. Barnshaw, Windsor, Berks.; Anthony Rarero, Liverpool 11; Deborah Roberts, Llandudno, N. Wales; Alan Fairhurst, Bolton, Lancs.

WWWWOOOO — WWWWOOOO! There's an owl around like no other owl you've ever seen or heard of before! This OWL is an overlord of crime, a master of wicked wisdom! If you don't mind being scared a little you can take a see for yourself, in SMASH, this week! A Super-Villain with a devilish difference he's matched against DARE-DEVIL, The Man Without Fear, in a big book-length, three-part saga you'll never forget!!

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Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.

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.....

BABY SMASHER

It's my turn to have a drink now...
GEROFF!
GLUP!
Here you are, squirt— have a squirt!
SLURP! SLURP!
Squirt? we'll see who's the squirt!
DO NOT TOUCH
HELP!
You're still a squirt—and I'm a baby SMASHER!

DAREDEVIL BATTLES THE OWL

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

OMINOUS OVERLORD OF CRIME!

THIS IS WALL STREET, HEART OF NEW YORK'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT, WHERE FORTUNES ARE MADE AND LOST BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST FINANCIAL WIZARDS! AND, WITHIN THE CANYONS OF THIS STREET, WE ARE ABOUT TO FIND ONE CERTAIN MAN...

...A MERCILESS MAN...A MAN WITH NO FRIENDS...NO LOVED ONES... NOTHING TO CONNECT HIM WITH THE HUMAN RACE SAVE THE FACT OF HIS BIRTH! LET US FOLLOW THIS MAN...

LET US STUDY HIM AS HE WALKS INTO A TOWERING OFFICE BUILDING, HIS HEAVY FOOTSTEPS REVERBERATING THROUGH THE HUGE MARBLE LOBBY! FOR WE SHALL SEE MUCH OF THIS MAN ON THE PAGES THAT FOLLOW...

HE WALKS SLOWLY, BUT WITH A SURE, STEADY TREAD... LOOKING NEITHER TO THE RIGHT NOR THE LEFT... IGNORING THOSE HE PASSES AND THOSE WHO PASS HIM!

BUT HE HIMSELF CANNOT READILY BE IGNORED BY OTHERS! HIS VERY PRESENCE SEEMS SO FRAUGHT WITH EVIL, WITH MENACE, THAT HIS FELLOW HUMANS SHRINK BACK FROM THE MERE SIGHT OF HIM!

THERE ARE SOME WHO RECOGNIZE HIM... WHO SPEAK HIS NAME IN WHISPERS... FOR HIS WEALTH IS SAID TO BE LEGENDARY, AND HIS POWER ALMOST BEYOND MEASURE!

BUT THERE IS *ANOTHER* WITH EQUAL POWER WHO SITS DARINGLY PERCHED ON A ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET, HIS INCREDIBLY SHARP SENSES WAITING FOR THE SLIGHTEST CALL FOR HELP, WHICH WILL INSTANTLY BRING *DAREDEVIL* INTO ACTION!

EVERYTHING IS QUIET BELOW! THE CITY IS AT PEACE! I AM NOT YET NEEDED!

BUT FATE IS SHAPING EVENTS IN SUCH A WAY THAT DAREDEVIL SOON *WILL* BE NEEDED!...AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE MAN WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING...

...THE MAN WHOSE LEGAL NAME IS LONG SINCE FORGOTTEN, FOR HE IS KNOWN TO THE WORLD AT LARGE ONLY AS... *THE OWL*, THE MOST RUTHLESS FINANCIAL WIZARD OF ALL TIME!

ARROGANTLY HE ENTERS HIS PALATIAL OFFICES AS A TWORDUS FEMALE VOICE INFORMS HIM...

YOU HAVE A CALLER, SIR. MR. GREY IS WAITING IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM!

GREY? THAT SPINELESS MILKSOP?! WHAT CAN *HE* WANT?

I HIRED HIM AS MY ACCOUNTANT SO THAT *HE* WOULD TAKE THE BLAME IF EVER MY ILLEGAL BUSINESS DEALINGS WERE EXPOSED! CAN HE FINALLY HAVE WISED UP?

CONFERENCE ROOM

OWL, I NEED YOUR HELP! THE INCOME TAX PEOPLE ARE ACCUSING ME OF FRAUD... BECAUSE OF *YOU!* BUT I'M INNOCENT ... *YOU* KNOW THAT!

OF COURSE I KNOW IT, YOU FOOL! *I* FRAMED YOU!

YOU *FRAMED* ME?? BUT...

I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE BY CROOKED BUSINESS DEALS AND DODGING TAXES! BUT I *KNEW* THE LAW WOULD CATCH UP WITH ME ... THAT'S WHY I NEEDED A *FALL GUY!*

I'VE CAREFULLY ARRANGED MY AFFAIRS SO THAT *YOU* WILL GET THE BLAME FOR WHAT I'VE DONE! AND NOW... *GET OUT!!*

AFTER ALL... A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN LIKE THE *OWL* CANNOT AFFORD TO ASSOCIATE WITH A MAN WHO'LL SOON BE A *JAILBIRD!*

SLOWLY, THE PALE, HAGGARD MAN RISES FROM THE TABLE! SILENTLY HE TURNS AND SHUFFLES OUT OF THE ROOM WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE...

HIS WORLD HAS CRASHED DOWN AROUND HIS EARS! BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN WILLING TO WORK FOR A SCOUNDREL... BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN WILLING TO SHUT HIS EYES TO THE ILLEGAL THINGS HE HAD SEEN... HE NOW MUST PAY THE PRICE!

SCANT MINUTES LATER, THE UNBELIEVABLY KEEN EARS OF *DARE-DEVIL* HEAR THE SOUND OF A FAINT IMPACT BELOW, FOLLOWED BY THE PIERCING WAIL OF A SIREN. AS HE LEAPS INTO SPELLBINDING ACTION...

WHEEEE!

A SIREN SPELLS *TROUBLE!* AND THAT MEANS *DARE-DEVIL* MAY BE NEEDED!

ALTHOUGH HIS EYES ARE SIGHTLESS, FOR HE HAS BEEN BLIND SINCE THE AGE OF FIFTEEN, DAREDEVIL'S *OTHER* SENSES ARE SO SHARP, SO UNFAILING, THAT HE CAN PERFORM BREATH-TAKING FEATS WHICH EVEN A SIGHTED PERSON CANNOT MATCH!

LUCKILY, MY BUILT-IN *RADAR SENSE* TELLS ME HOW FAR I AM FROM A SOLID OBSTACLE... SO I ALWAYS KNOW WHEN TO DODGE AND WHEN TO GRASP!

LOOK!! HERE COMES *DARE-DEVIL!!*

HIS SENSES TELL HIM THAT A HUMAN FORM IS LYING IN FRONT OF HIM. BUT HE HEARS NO PULSE.. NO HEARTBEAT... AND HE INSTANTLY REALIZES...

THIS MAN IS *DEAD!* HOW DID IT HAPPEN??

HE WALKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF A SPEEDING CAR... AS THOUGH... HE DIDN'T *CARE!!*

THE *OWL!* I'VE *HEARD* OF HIM!!

I *RECOGNIZE* HIM! IT'S GEORGE GREY! HE'S UNDER INDICTMENT FOR FRAUD! HE WORKS FOR THE *OWL!*

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LET'S GO, OWL! THEY WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS AT HEADQUARTERS, CONCERNING GEORGE GREY!

YOU MAY BRING A LAWYER IF YOU WISH!

I DON'T *NEED* A LAWYER... AND YOU *KNOW* IT! YOU'VE *GOT* NOTHING ON *ME!* I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH GREY'S DEATH!

WE KNOW, OWL! BUT WE FOUND SOME PAPERS LINKING YOU WITH SOME FRAUDULENT BUSINESS DEALINGS!

WE'VE ALWAYS *KNOWN* YOU WERE CROOKED, OWL... BUT WE HAD NO PROOF... TILL *NOW!* AT LAST WE'RE GOING TO BE ABLE TO PULL YOUR FINANCIAL EMPIRE DOWN AROUND YOUR EARS!

BUT, UPON REACHING HEADQUARTERS...

OWL, WITH THE EVIDENCE WE'RE UNEARTHING ABOUT YOU, I SUGGEST YOU *DO* GET YOURSELF A LAWYER!

ALL RIGHT, I *WILL!* BUT ONLY TO PROVE HOW *FLIMSY* YOUR CASE IS! I WON'T EVEN USE AN EXPENSIVE, HIGH-POWERED LAWYER!

I'LL PICK OUT ANY NAME AT RANDOM... AND I'LL STILL BE OUT OF HERE WITHIN THE HOUR! GET ME A PHONE BOOK!

OPENING THE CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY, THE OWL CARELESSLY POINTS TO THE FIRST NAME THAT CATCHES HIS EYE...

HERE... I'LL HIRE *THIS* FIRM... NELSON AND MURDOCK!

NELSON AND MURDOCK Attorneys & Counsellors at Law

AND SECONDS LATER A COLOURFUL COSTUMED FIGURE DARINGLY SWINGS IN THROUGH A BACK WINDOW OF THAT VERY SAME LAW FIRM, AS HIS PARTNER, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON, IS CONCLUDING A PHONE CALL...

SORRY, OWL! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN REPRESENTING ANYONE WITH *YOUR* REPUTATION, AND I DON'T THINK MY *PARTNER* WOULD BE, EITHER!

FOGGY'S TALKING TO THE *OWL*!!

CHANGING CLOTHES WITH DAZZLING SPEED, DAREDEVIL RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL IDENTITY OF MATT MURDOCK, BLIND ATTORNEY, AS HE MANAGES TO GRASP THE PHONE BEFORE HIS STARTLED PARTNER CAN HANG UP!

OH! MR. MURDOCK MUST HAVE COME IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!

SAY! WHAT'S THE *PUSH*, MATTHEW, OL' PAL?

I DON'T BELIEVE IN TURNING DOWN *ANY* CASES, FOGGY! I'LL HANDLE THIS ONE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO! HELLO OWL?? I'LL BE IN COURT IN TEN MINUTES!

BEGINNING WITH EXCITEMENT, MATT MURDOCK LEAVES THE OFFICE, CHANGING BACK TO *DAREDEVIL* AS SOON AS HE IS SAFELY OUT OF SIGHT! AND THEN, ROLLING HIS WRINKLE-PROOF SUIT INTO A TIGHT BALL, HE RACES TOWARDS HIS GOAL AT BREAKNECK SPEED...

I'VE BEEN ANXIOUS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS *OWL*... AND THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

I'VE *TRIED* TO EXPLAIN TO FOGGY THAT *EVERY* MAN IS ENTITLED TO A LAWYER! IF WE ATTORNEYS REFUSE TO HELP ACCUSED PEOPLE BECAUSE WE THINK THEY'RE GUILTY, THEN WE'RE JUDGING THEM WITHOUT TRIAL!

BESIDES, THE OWL INTRIGUES ME! I WANT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT HIM!

AH, I HEAR THE COURT HOUSE BELL CHIMING! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CHANGE BACK TO MATT MURDOCK, AND CALL UPON MY NEW CLIENT!

REACHING THE COURT, IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE YOUNG ATTORNEY SETS THE LEGAL WHEELS IN MOTION...

VERY WELL, MR. MURDOCK! I WILL FREE YOUR CLIENT ON A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS!

BUT HE IS TO REPORT TO THIS COURT TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN FOR FURTHER DISPOSITION!

THANK YOU, SERGEANT! AND NOW IF I MAY MEET MY CLIENT...?

HE'S RIGHT OVER HERE, MR. MURDOCK!

TURNING SLOWLY, MATT MURDOCK INVOLUNTARILY RECOILS IN SHOCK AS AN AURA OF UNMISTAKABLE *VILLAINY* SEEMS TO SURROUND HIS RAZOR-SHARP SENSES...

I AM THE OWL!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!! I CAN TELL BY THE SOUND OF HIS HEARTBEAT, HIS PULSE RATE, HIS LABOURED BREATHING... THE MAN IS CHARGED WITH SHEER ANIMAL POWER... WITH ALMOST LIMITLESS ENERGY... ALL OF IT DIRECTED INTO EVIL CHANNELS!

ALTHOUGH DENIED THE USE OF HIS EYES BY A CRUEL QUIRK OF CIRCUMSTANCE, THE SIGHTLESS LAWYER IS ABLE TO CONJURE UP PERHAPS A *TRUER* VISION OF THE MAN WHO FACES HIM BY MEANS OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY OTHER SENSES...

HIS DEEP VOICE TELLS ME HE'S LARGE... GROSS... WITH A BARREL CHEST! HIS FOOTSTEPS REVEAL HIS HEIGHT AND WEIGHT...

WELL, HAVE YOU NOTHING TO *SAY*??

SORRY! I WAS, ER, THINKING! YOU'RE TO RETURN HERE TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN!

OF COURSE! I'LL SEE YOU THEN! GOOD-BYE!!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE I CAN HEAR HIS PULSE! IT'S LIKE HAVING A BUILT-IN LIE DETECTOR! HIS PULSE RATE SPEEDED UP UNNATURALLY! HE HAS NO INTENTION OF BEING HERE TOMORROW!

I CAN HEAR HIM CACKLING TO HIMSELF AS HE LEAVES! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! HE ISN'T GETTING AWAY WITH ANYTHING! NOW THAT I'VE FORMED A MENTAL IMAGE OF HIM, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM AGAIN *ANYWHERE*!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT TEN O'CLOCK, AS MATT MURDOCK APPEARS IN COURT...

YOUR CLIENT HAS NOT SHOWN UP, MURDOCK! I SHALL ISSUE A SUMMONS FOR HIS IMMEDIATE ARREST! THAT IS ALL!

VERY WELL, YOUR HONOUR!

WHAT DOES THE OWL EXPECT TO *GAIN* BY THIS? HE MUST KNOW HE'LL BE FOUND SOONER OR LATER!

LATER, AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE...

I HAVE A FEELING THAT IT WILL SOON BE TIME FOR *DAREDEVIL* TO GO INTO ACTION AGAIN, AND I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY TO IMPROVE THE EFFICIENCY OF MY COSTUME!

...I'M GOING TO DESIGN A *HOOD* FOR MY SHOULDERS... THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLD MY STREET CLOTHES AND CONCEAL THEM UNDER IT SO THEY'LL ALWAYS BE HANDY!

AND, UPON JOINING KAREN AND FOGGY AGAIN...

I'M GOING TO TAKE KAREN *BOWLING* TONIGHT, MATT! HOW ABOUT JOINING US?

NO, THANKS, FOGGY! I'M AFRAID I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE IT!

POOR MATT! MY HEART GOES OUT TO HIM FOR HIS HANDICAP! IF ONLY I COULD TAKE HIM IN MY ARMS...!

ANYONE LOOKING INTO MATT MURDOCK'S APARTMENT THAT NIGHT WOULD SEE THE INCREDIBLE SIGHT OF A MAN THREADING A NEEDLE AND SEWING IN THE DARK!

IT'S AMAZING HOW MY *OTHER* SENSES CAN COMPENSATE FOR MY LACK OF SIGHT! MY SENSE OF TOUCH IS SO ACUTE THAT THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME!

THERE! IT SEEMS TO FIT PERFECTLY! AND I CAN CLOSE IT EASILY BY USING ONE OF THOSE NEW CONTACT TYPE ZIPPERS! NOW TO SEE IF ALL MY OUTER CLOTHES WILL FIT!

AND FIT THEY *DO*! AGAIN GUIDED BY HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF TOUCH, THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER IS ABLE TO CONTAIN A COMPLETE CHANGE OF CLOTHES WITHIN HIS CLEVERLY DESIGNED NEW SHOULDER POUCH!

MINUTES LATER, WE FIND THE DAZZLING *DAREDEVIL* TRAVELLING AT BREAKNECK SPEED THROUGH THE GREAT CITY'S MAZE OF DARK, TWISTING UNDERGROUND TUNNELS...

I'VE COVERED EVERY IMPORTANT ARTERY WHEREVER THE OWL IS HIDING, IT ISN'T BELOW THE SURFACE!

NEXT, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TAKES TO THE AIR...

I'LL COVER THE BRIDGES LEADING OUT OF THE CITY! IF HE'S CROSSED ANY OF THEM, THE SCENT OF HIS UNUSUAL HAIR TONIC SHOULD STILL BE DETECTABLE TO ME!

AND, AS THE LONG EVENING HOURS CRAWL BY...

THIS IS MY FINAL STOP! NO TRACE OF THE OWL HAVING PASSED THROUGH ANY BRIDGE OR TRAIN STATION! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN TWO THINGS...

THIS SHOULD TEACH ME NOT TO BECOME TOO OVER-CONFIDENT! I WAS SO *SURE* I COULD FIND HIM EASILY WHENEVER I WANTED TO! BUT, IT SEEMS THAT EVEN A MAN WITH SUPER-KEEN SENSES ISN'T INFALLIBLE!

EITHER HE'S STILL SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY... IN WHICH CASE I'LL PICK UP HIS TRAIL SOONER OR LATER... OR ELSE HE LEFT BY *BOAT*! IF HE *DID*, THERE ARE TOO MANY SMALL CRAFT FOR ME TO INVESTIGATE THEM ALL!

MEANTIME, WHERE *IS* THE MYSTERIOUS OWL? ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T YET KNOW IT, DAREDEVIL'S *SECOND* GUESS WAS THE CORRECT ONE! FOR, ACROSS THE HUDSON, PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE PALISADES CLIFFS IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST RESIDENCES IN THE NATION! IT IS THE OWL'S *EERIE*! LOOKING LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN A JAGGED PART OF THE SCENERY WHEN VIEWED FROM THE RIVER, THIS COMPLEX STRUCTURE SEEMS TO EXUDE THE SAME AIR OF MENACE AS THE MAN WHO INHABITS IT!

RRING

AH, MY ALARM BELL! THAT MEANS THE TWO "GUESTS" I INVITED HAVE *ARRIVED*! I *MUST* GO TO WELCOME THEM!

SO! "SAD SAM" SIMMS AND "APE" MORGON! I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU *ARE* TWO OF THE UNDERWORLD'S *MOST* DANGEROUS MEN! WE SHALL *SEE* IF YOU ARE DANGEROUS ENOUGH TO SERVE THE *OWL*!

YOU USED TO PRETEND TO BE *LEGIT* UNTIL NOW, OWL! YOU ALWAYS WORKED *ALONE*! WHAT *HAPPENED*?

I MADE A CARELESS MISTAKE! NOW THERE IS NO FURTHER NEED FOR PRETENCE! THE WORLD NOW *KNOWS* I AM A CRIMINAL, SO I HAVE PLANNED A *NEW* CAREER FOR MYSELF!

BUT FIRST, I MUST *TEST* YOU! THEY SAY YOU ARE THE BEST GUNMAN IN THE EAST, SAD SAM! WE SHALL NOW FIGHT A *DUEL* AND SEE!

DON'T BE ALARMED! THESE ARE MERELY *WAX* BULLETS!

MOVING WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED FOR ONE SO LARGE, THE UNCANNY OWL ACTUALLY DRAWS HIS GUN *FIRST*! BUT, BEFORE HIS FINGER CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, THE MAN KNOWN AS SAD SAM RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE, AND THEN MOVES WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE PRECISION!

WHOO! WHOOO!

CRACK!

E-E-E-EEE-E-EEEE-E-EEEE-E-EE

AIDED BY THE INGENIOUS CUT OF HIS CAPE-LIKE GARMENT THE OWL SWOOPS DOWNWARD FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW. SKIMMING THE SURFACE OF THE BLACK SWIRLING RIVER ALL AREA SCARING WITH THE ICE CURRENTS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEM . . . A BIRD OF PREY HE GLIDES UPWARDS AGAIN . . .
KEEP THIS A THAT YOU NEVER FORGET THIS LITTLE LESSON AS REGARDS MY MATTER HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE THE OWL IS YOUR MASTER !!
OKAY OKAY YOU SURE PROVED YOUR POINT WHAT DO WE DO NEXT ?
NOW WE CROSS THE RIVER AND SET OUT TO THE HEART OF THE CASTLE WE WILL BE A SMALL TARGET AS A FRIGHT FOR ME
BEFORE BEGINNING MY CRIME CAREER IN EARNEST WITH THE WORST THING A MOLTENECK IS AN TO WHO IS WEAK ENOUGH AND GULLIBLE ENOUGH TO BE WILLING AS A FRIGHT FOR ME
AND I KNOW JUST THE MAN THE BLIND MATTHEW HUNTSMAN HE'S GOING NEEDED BACKED BY FLESH WELL OUT AS AC & DC BETWEEN THE EYES OF WHAT WERE SUSPECTING
HEAT ISH! THE OWL STRIKES!

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too

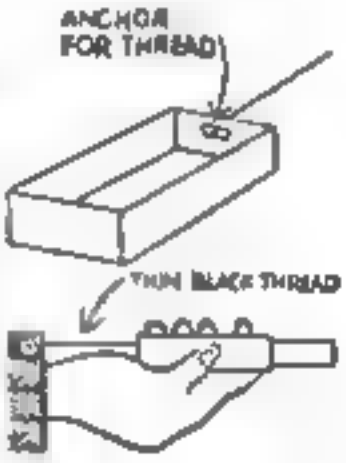
My tricks this week are not matchless! You'll need matches every time. They all need reasonably sound boxes too and pay special attention to the trays moving smoothly and easily. You can even use the giant size box if you want to vary things, but this does not make the tricks so handy for carrying around in your pocket.

Never mind, all of them are quite simple to prepare. You won't need any special materials. Produce them casually in a crowd and you'll soon be the Power-packed centre of interest!

MYSTERIOUSLY CLOSING TRAY

This is very simple, but can be quite startling and is easy to prepare.

Empty a tray and make a small hole in the end. Push thin black thread through this and tie to a small piece of match to anchor it. Fill the tray with matches. Slide the tray into the cover. Bring the thread up your sleeve and pin the end of it somewhere inside your coat.



To present the trick:

Hold out the box to someone with the tray part out. Invite your mates to make the box close at a word of command. When it doesn't, say they can't be using the right tone of voice—then, at the next go, ease your hand holding the box forward and the tray will seem to be sliding into the cover on its own! It can look very mysterious!

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you have a trick of your own that you don't like to make up. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you will get £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
96, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

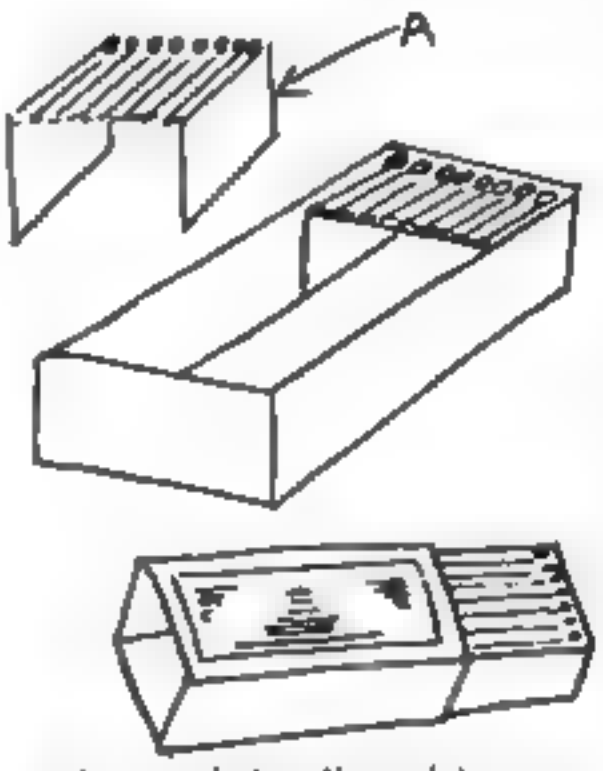
THE EMPTY BOX THAT'S FULL

Shorten some matches to about ¾in., in sufficient number to cover the width of the tray. But you must CUT—not break them. Now bend up a little "bridge" of thin card and stick your cut matches on the top as shown (A). The sides of the "bridge" must be shorter than the side of the tray, so that when the "bridge" is in position in the tray the matches appear as they would in a full box. Glue the sides of the "bridge" lightly to the sides of the tray. See that the glued matches are well up to the sides of the tray.

Slide the prepared tray into its cover. With the box just opened one end the box looks full of matches. Now put plenty of matches in the other end—there will be room for them under the "bridge". But make sure you know which end is which!

Show your trick something like this . . .

Say you can empty a match box, put the matches in your pocket, and then make the matches jump back into the box. Take out your box, opened partly to show the loose matches, and tip them into your pocket. Close up the box and cover it with your handkerchief. Give the box a tap, whip off the handkerchief and open the box—the end with the trick matches. Then if anyone wants to look in your pocket—walk away!



TO DROP A BOX OF MATCHES AND MAKE IT LAND ON ONE END

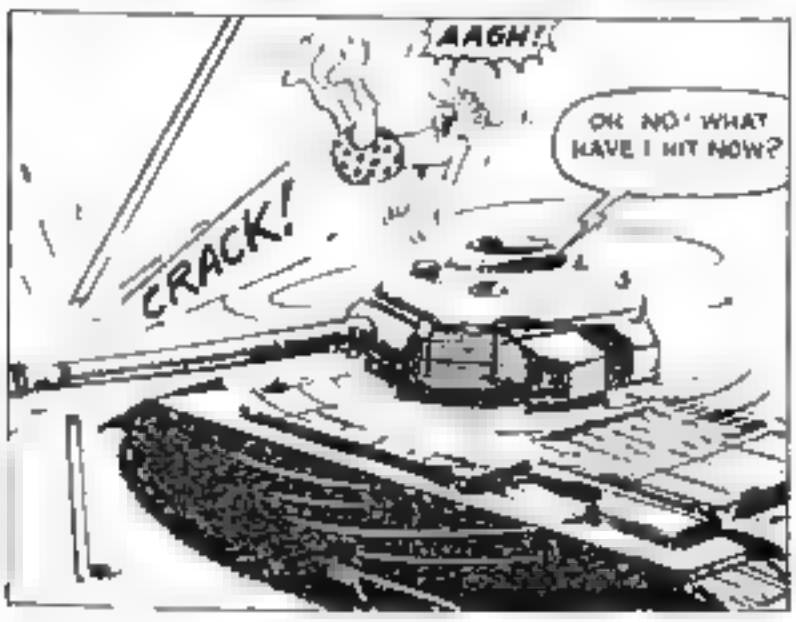
This is a trick everyone will be able to do once they've seen you do it—so make sure the tray works easily—practice a bit first too, to make sure of your dropping height and how much tray to have out.

To present the trick:

Give someone a box of matches (loosely packed) and invite them to let it fall from their fingers onto a flat firm surface. The box must be made to fall on its end. Everyone will find, of course, that the box bounces up and falls on its side. Now you show how it is done. Slide the tray out a little way (you have practised!) and drop the box so that the slid out portion hits down first. You will find the tray slides up into the cover and because there is no bounce the box stops on its end. But only perform this with SAFETY MATCHES—not *red tops*!

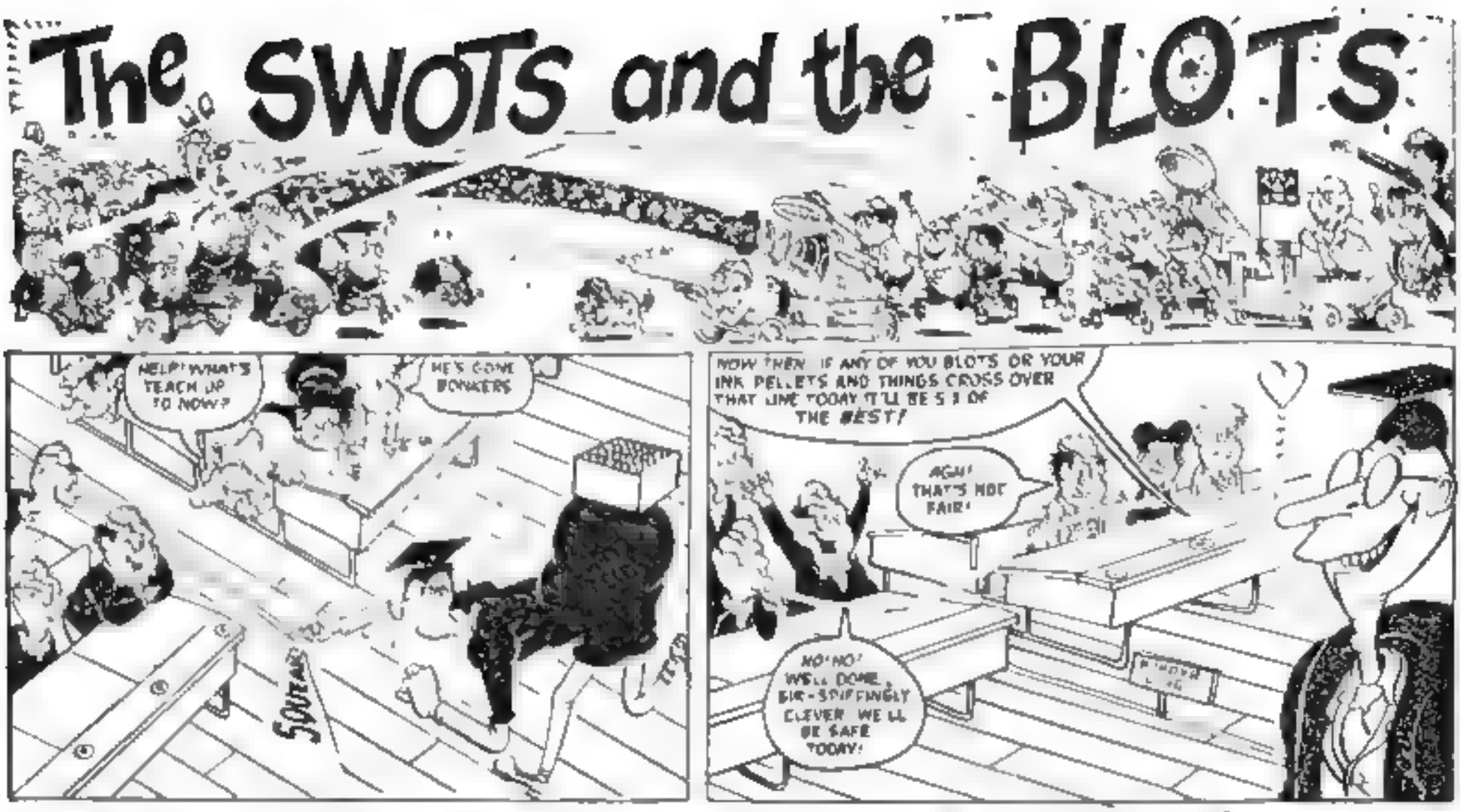
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



OH BOY! A MERRY-GO-TANK!
ROLL UP! ROLL UP! GREAT NEW ATTRACTION!
HELP! HELP! I'M RICH AGAIN! I'LL PAY FOR ANY DAMAGE I CAUSED!
GRR! KEEP YOUR MONEY—IT'S YOUR SKIN WE WANT!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS


HELP! WHAT'S TEACH UP TO NOW?
HE'S GONE BONKERS
SOUTAR
NOW THEN IF ANY OF YOU BLOTS OR YOUR INK PELLETS AND THINGS CROSS OVER THAT LINE TODAY I'LL BE SITTING OF THE BEST!
AGH! THAT'S NOT FAIR!
HO-HO! WELL DONE, BIG-SPIFFINGLY CLEVER WE'LL BE SAFE TODAY!
WHO NEEDS TO CROSS IT? HEH! HEH!
HEH-HEH! TEACH NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GOING UNDER IT!
WHERE DID HE COME FROM? OUCH! DOH!
AGH! AN UNDERGROUND ATTACK! CHEAT!
GRR! THERE'S ALWAYS GOT TO BE A CLEVER ONE!
AND THIS MEANS NO UNDER THE LINE EITHER FROM NOW ON!
GRR! IT'S UNFAIR!
WHO NEEDS TO GO UNDER IT?
RIP!
ONE CAN ALWAYS SHIFT THE LINE!
AAGH! HELP! HELP US TEACHER, SIR! HELP!
HO-HO! GOOD OLD BARRY! WE'RE NOT CROSSING THE LINE NOW!
FIRE! DOWN WITH THE ENEMY! HA! HA!
BAH! THAT BLOT'S GOT MORE BRAINS THAN I THOUGHT!
RIGHT, MY BOY- YOU CAN JUST PUT IT BACK NOW!

COO! IT'S JUST LIKE A SPRING BOARD!

OOER! IT'S EVEN SPRINGIER THAN I THOUGHT!

ZOOM!

CRASH!

COO- A SOFT LANDING - I LANDED ON OLD SOFTY SIMPKINS!

AGH!

YAHOO! BARRY'S COME BACK WELCOME HOME LAD!

GER! THIS IS TOO MUCH LET'S BIFF THEM, CHAPS!

NO! NO! STOP! NO FIGHTING!

GRR! LET ME GET AT THEM!

I'LL MASH 'EM! I'LL MASH 'EM!

THAT MOMENT

G-GULP IT'S THE HEADMASTER!

WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON IN HERE!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF RIPPING UP SCOOL PROPERTY? COME WITH ME TO MY STUDY!

ER-YES, SIR! G-GULP!

OH BOY! THERE'S NO-ONE TO STOP US NOW!

GULP!

MERCY!

HELP!

AAGH!

SOCK!

SOOT

TAKE THAT!

WHOOSH!

IF ONE OF THEM STEPS OVER THIS LINE I'LL SCRATCH THEM TO RIBBONS - FAT LOT OF GOOD TEACHER'S LINE DID, THOUGH!

SOME DAYS, I ACTUALLY *ENJOY* SCHOOL!

THE SWOTS MAKE SMASHING SKITTLES!

EEK! THEIR PET MOTHS ARE UNDRESSING ME! HELP!

56lb

MUNCH!

PHEW!

MONEY FOR YOU!...

WRITE TO SMASH AND WIN £1

Dear Alf and Cos.

I am just wondering when the Hulk is going to have a bath. Because I am sure that his feet must be very dirty. Or is it that he hates water like cats?

Michael Goodwin
Birch Vale, Ches

● *We can't really say, Mick cos the Hulk's never in one place long enough for us to ask him—but if you remember, in SMASH 38 he set out to swim across the Atlantic. And coupled with the fact that he spent several days drifting in the ocean, a little earlier on maybe he thinks he's bathed enough for one year!*

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

Okay, you guys! What's the idea of putting dangerous heroes in your Power Comics, huh? I want danger money. The other day I picked up TERRIFIC as well as an old tin lid. In my copy of TERRIFIC, I saw Cap. America sling his super shield—SO WHAT? Well, my motto is, "If a super hero can do it, so can I!" So, I threw my shield—er—tin lid, and nearly knocked a kid out! HOLY KO! Then I saw Thor! PHEW! So taking my trusty wooden mallet, I swung it round my nut and—WAIT FOR IT!—nearly knocked my head off! I could stand that, but enough is enough. And that was it when Spidey got on my nerves. So I am writing you this letter resting on my plaster-cast leg. Yours solemnly

M. Catterall, Cannock, Staffs.

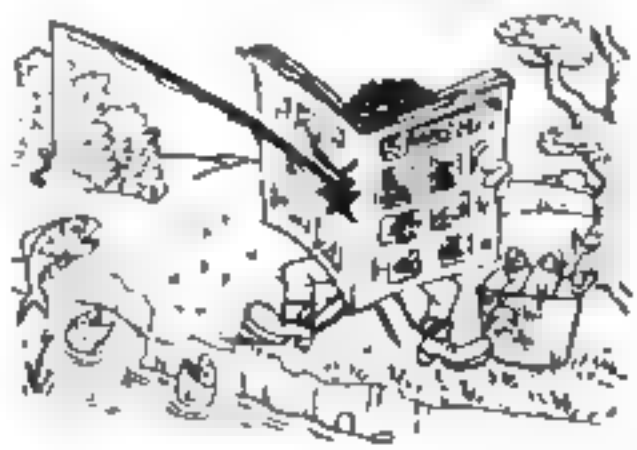
● *Okay—so you're a member of the Power Pack—but you've got to face it—you're no super hero! Still, buy yourself a medal with the pound that's on its way.*

Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

Before I started reading Power Comics I used to go fishing a lot. But I was told off by my mum. She said that if I don't go fishing a lot more and give up reading Power Comics, I will have to give my tackle away. Please, please, could you help me solve this problem?

R. W. Litehead
Sherburn in Elmet, Yorks



● *We fell for your letter hook, line and sinker, and after fishing around for an answer, here's how to tackle the problem. Take SMASH with you when you go fishing—and use your baited breath to land a record catch. Maybe Mum will repent.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

All the letters you print are about how good the Power Comics are. Well, this letter is different (not that I don't like them!). Here is a little news. Did you know that Odin has two pet ravens? Their names are Hugin and Munin. Translated to our language they would mean 'thought' and 'memory.' Did you know that the citadel where Odin lives is really a giant's skull? If it weren't for Loki, Thor would never have had his hammer. Bet you don't believe that last part. Well, it's perfectly true. How do I know all this? Well, in my school library, there is a book by Jane Horswood called, 'Thunder of the Gods,' which costs 12/6d. It has been out in America for some time, and now it has just come over, for the first time, to this country.

David Jones,
Seven Sisters, Glam.

● *Thanks for letting us know, David. But what's all this about us only printing letters that say how good our comics are?*

Alf and Cos.

Write to: 64 Long Acre,
London, WC2.

FREE!
10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

FOUR WEEKS TO GO!

Have you entered yet? If not, there are still four weeks to go with only 1 coupon in SMASH, WHAM, POW, FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC! Then, each week you can compete on as many coupons from one or all of the POWER-packed lot!

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now, and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! you can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pictures on the right are exactly for squares. What we want is page on the Pavilion

Imagine you were to be the producers of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang [illegible]. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, there will be invited to enter a free tie-breaking contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Fleetway Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power Comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

— — — — Cut around the broken line — — — —

FREE ENTRY FORM — POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Beatles	
Swing Legion	
Cat Stevens	
Dill Archard	
Dusty Springfield	
Frankie and the Strangers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mamas and Papas	
Method Man	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Pinkie Giant	
Shadow Jones	
Sixtures	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Pat Boone-ies	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

64.01

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"The HUMANOID" AND The HERO!"

CREATED BY THE NOW DEAD "LEADER" TO BE STRONGER THAN THE HULK, THE MOST POWERFUL HUMANOID OF ALL BATTLES OUR GREEN-SKINNED GIANT IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH AND YOU, ARE AN EYE WITNESS!

RUBBER AS HULK

HIS BODY IS SOFT, SOGGY-- DOESN'T FEEL PUNCHES!

AND THE MORE HIS BESTIAL BRAIN REALIZES THE UTTER FUTILITY OF HIS BLOWS THE MORE LIVID IN THE RAGE THE HULK BECOMES!

WHOK!

FTTK!

TTOOM!

BUT, EVENTUALLY EVEN HIS CLOUDED BRAIN BEGINS TO REALIZE THE USELESSNESS OF FURTHER ATTACK...!

THE HULK FINALLY FOUND SOMEONE HE CAN'T BEAT!

BUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

THE HULK-KILLER'S GONNA START SWINGIN NOW! HANG ON--!

IF HE'S AS STRONG AS HE LOOKS, IT'LL BE BYE BYE GREEN SKIN!

YOP!

ARRGHHH!

AT LAST! THE HUMANOID FLOORED HIM WITH ONLY ONE SINGLE BLOW!

BUT THE HULK IS REALLY BRUCE BANNER! WHY WON'T SOMEBODY HELP HIM?

WHOEVER NAMED HIM HULK-KILLER KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING, GENERAL!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THE HULK IT - IT MEANS THE END OF BRUCE, AS WELL!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW THE HULK OR BANNER - WHICHEVER HE IS - TRIED TO DESTROY NEW YORK WITH THAT ARMOR MISSILE?

HE MUST BE SMASHED! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO BE AT LARGE!

BUT DAD - HOW CAN YOU BE SO SURE THAT HE WAS TRYING TO HARM THE CITY?

BECAUSE I'M NOT IN LOVE WITH HIM THE WAY YOU ARE!

AND, AT THAT MOMENT--A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, ON THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA

WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS, YOU'VE ALREADY CONFESSED THAT YOU SABOTAGED THE ORION MISSILE!

BUT THERE'S ONE THING MORE WE WANT TO KNOW--

HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO MAKE THE HULK TEAM UP WITH YOU? WHAT DID YOU OFFER HIM?

YOU'RE NUTS! THAT GREEN GORILLA NEVER WORKED WITH ME! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM

HE RUINED EVERYTHING FOR ME! I THOUGHT HE WAS WORKING FOR YOU!

I HAD ARRANGED FOR THE MISSILE TO ZERO IN ON MANHATTAN--BUT WHEN HE LEAPED UP AT IT HE MANAGED TO CHANGE ITS COURSE

IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO TRICK ME IT WON'T WORK!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT IT WAS THE HULK ALONE WHO SAVED YOUR CITY

AND THEY'RE TRYING TO DESTROY HIM BACK IN NEW YORK!

I JUST HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE--!

GUARD! TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS CELL! I'VE AN EMERGENCY CALL TO MAKE

THUS SECONDS LATER BACK AT THE SCENE OF BATTLE

GET THAT SHELL IN THE PROTON CANNON!--IN CASE WE NEED IT

WHO'D BE CALLING AT A TIME LIKE THIS--?

TALBOT SPEAKING! OF COURSE THIS IS GENERAL ROSS' COMMAND--NO HE CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE NOW! I'LL RELAY THE MESSAGE!

WHAT?! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MAN?!

ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS! THIS AIN'T A CRUMMY PICNIC!

THE HULK IS INNOCENT!

IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS WE MIGHT HAVE FINISHED HIM AND THE HUMANOID--WITH THE PROTON GUN!

IF I HAD JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE A MINUTE LATER--I'D HAVE BEEN RID OF BANNER THE MAN BETTY LOVES FOREVER!

WHAT'S COME OVER ME? HOW CAN I EVEN THINK SUCH A THING! I'M A SOLDIER! IT'S MY DUTY TO PERFORM!

AND IF THE HULK'S INNOCENT HE MUST BE SAVED!

GENERAL ROSS! I'VE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE FLAPPING YOUR OAK LEAVES MAN! LET ME HAVE IT!

IT'S THE HULK! WE'VE JUST HAD WORD THAT IT WAS HE WHO SAVED THE CITY!

I KNEW IT! DEEP IN MY HEART I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THE HUMANOID! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE HULK!

WE'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT HIM TRAGICALLY WRONG! AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO MAKE UP FOR IT!

I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE EASY, MAJOR! WE CAN'T USE THE PROTON SHELL ON ONE OF THEM WITHOUT BLASTING THE OTHER AS WELL!

IF ONLY WE COULD SEPARATE THEM, SOMEHOW!

YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME THROUGH! I'M A FRIEND OF THE HULK'S!

SURE SURE AND I'M SUB-MARINER! NOW GET BACK, KID

BUT I CAN HELP HIM! HE NEEDS ME! CALL THE MAJOR! HE KNOWS ME!

AND AS GENERAL ROSS COGITATES AND RICK JONES STRUGGLES TO BREAK THROUGH THE BLOCK BUSTING BATTLE CONTINUES TO RAGE--

KRAK

HOW MUCH LONGER CAN THE HULK TAKE THAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT?

NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN SOMEONE ELSE COULD OUT FIGHT THAT GREEN SKINNED BULLDOZER!

YEAH BUT REMEMBER ONE THING--IT'S TAKIN' A PLASTIC BODIED, INDESTRUCTIBLE MACHINE TO DO IT!

LOOK AT THE HULK NOW! IS HE DONE FOR, OR NO! HE'S TRYING TO THINK! HE'S UP TO SOME THING--

HE'S MAKING ONE OF HIS HIGH-FLYIN' JUMPS!

HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY! BUT--LOOK--!

HE SMASHED IN TO THE HUMANOID!

WHUMM

HE'S GONNA CARRY HUM UP WITH HIM!

NOW SEE HOW YOU FIGHT--IN THE AIR!

NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! HE TOOK OFF LIKE A MISSILE!

BUT UPON REACHING AN ALTITUDE OF 2,000 FEET

DADDY! LOOK! OUT THE WINDOW!

NO! NOW DEAR! I'M READING AN EXCITING STORY!

NO GOOD! HE MADE HIS BODY HOLLOW--

NOW HE CAN FLOAT UP HERE!

BUT, THE TIME HAS COME TO CHANGE OUR SCENE ONCE MORE ALTHOUGH WE'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT--

...REMEMBER THE BOOMERANG? HE MISSED YOU WITH HIS LAST THROW! HE IS A SAD AND BITTER MAN! AN EX-CHAMPION AT LAST!

SINCE I'VE IMPROVED MY SKILLS, AND MY POWERS, I WAS ONLY STRIVING TO IMPROVE MY COSTUME, AS WELL!

MY OTHER ONE WAS A SYMBOL OF DEFEAT TO ME

BUT I NOW HAVE POWER UNMATCHED! NO LONGER WILL ANY ENEMY CAN HOPE TO OUT FIGHT ME AGAIN!

EACH PORTABLE DISC WHICH I CARRY ON MY BELT NOW HAS THE POWER OF A DOZEN HAND GRENADES - AND CAN BE HURLED WITH DEADLIER ACCURACY!

I'M A WALKING ARSENAL! I HAVE FAR MORE THAN AN ADONIS, I CAN THINK! I CAN ACT! AND WITH MY NEW JET POWERED BOOTS I HAVE THE POWER OF FLIGHT!

AND SO I BEGIN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF ALL! FROM THIS MOMENT ON I'LL BE BOOMERANG AGAINST THE WORLD!

WHILE FINISHING MY COSTUME I LISTENED TO THE NEWS BROADCAST OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE HULK AND THE HUMANOID!

IT SEEMS THAT THE HULK IS ONE OPPONENT I'LL NEVER HAVE TO BATTLE AGAIN!

HE HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE BOUNCING BOMB!

IF I HURRY, MAYBE I CAN STILL REACH THE SCENE IN TIME TO GLOAT OVER THE HULK'S ANNIHILATION!

I'M IN LUCK! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

HE WASN'T ABLE TO FREE HIMSELF OF THE HUMANOID IN THE AIR

NOW THEY'RE BOTH CRASHING DOWN TO THE GROUND AGAIN FOR THE LAST TIME!

FAREWELL, HULK. YOU'RE LUCKY IT WAS THE HUMANOID WHO BEAT YOU! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN LESS GENTLE!

THEN AS THE CHORTLING BOOMERANG ROCKETS OFF INTO THE GATHERING TWILIGHT

BUT NOT EVEN A 2,000 FOOT FALL CAN INJURE A PLASTI-THENE BOUNCING BOMB AND SO -

CAN'T BEAT HIM IN AIR, MUST BEAT HIM ON GROUND - SOMEHOW!

NOBODY CAN DEFEAT HULK--!

HE'S COMING AT ME AGAIN! CAN'T STOP HIM IN THE AIR... CAN'T STOP HIM IN AIR... MUST BE SOME WAY...

THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME THE HULK ADMITS TO HIMSELF -

I NEED BANNER'S BRAIN! HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO! BUT WHERE IS HE?

THE DULL WITTED HULK CAN NEVER FULLY COMPREHEND THAT HE AND BRUCE BANNER ARE ONE AND THE SAME. ALAS!

MEANWHILE THE ARMY HAS REACHED THE SPOT WHERE THE TWO SUPER POWERFUL COMBATANTS HAVE LANDED

GET THAT GATE OPEN MAN EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

I DON'T GET IT! NO ONE TOLD ME ABOUT ANY TRAINING MANOEUVRES!

BLAST IT, I'M THUNDERBOLT ROSS, IN COMMAND IN GENERAL FOR THIS SECTOR!

CLOSED

NAVY YARD

IT'S NOT MARKED! THE HULK LANDED IN THERE WITH A GIANT HUMANOID! WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

HELP HIM! THEY CAN BOTH FOR SH EALN OTHER OFF FOR ALL I CARE!

HOWEVER WITHIN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE LOCKED DOORS OF THE ABANDONED NAVY YARD SWING OPEN. AND THEN

HEY! YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED! THERE THEY ARE! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW!

THE HUMANOID CAN MOVE FASTER THAN THE HULK! HE'S STILL PUMMELLING HIM BUT THE HULK KEEPS TAKING IT.

WHY DOESN'T HE LEAP TO SAFETY?

THE HULK'LL NEVER RETREAT! HE'LL FIGHT TO THE END!

BUT HE'S GOT TO ESCAPE THIS TIME! MAYBE I CAN CONVINCE HIM--!

THUMP!

HUMP! COME BACK HERE! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO STUPID! SHUT!

AND THE HULK'S ADDLED BATTERED CONFUSED HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! HE NEEDS SOMEONE TO ADVISE HIM

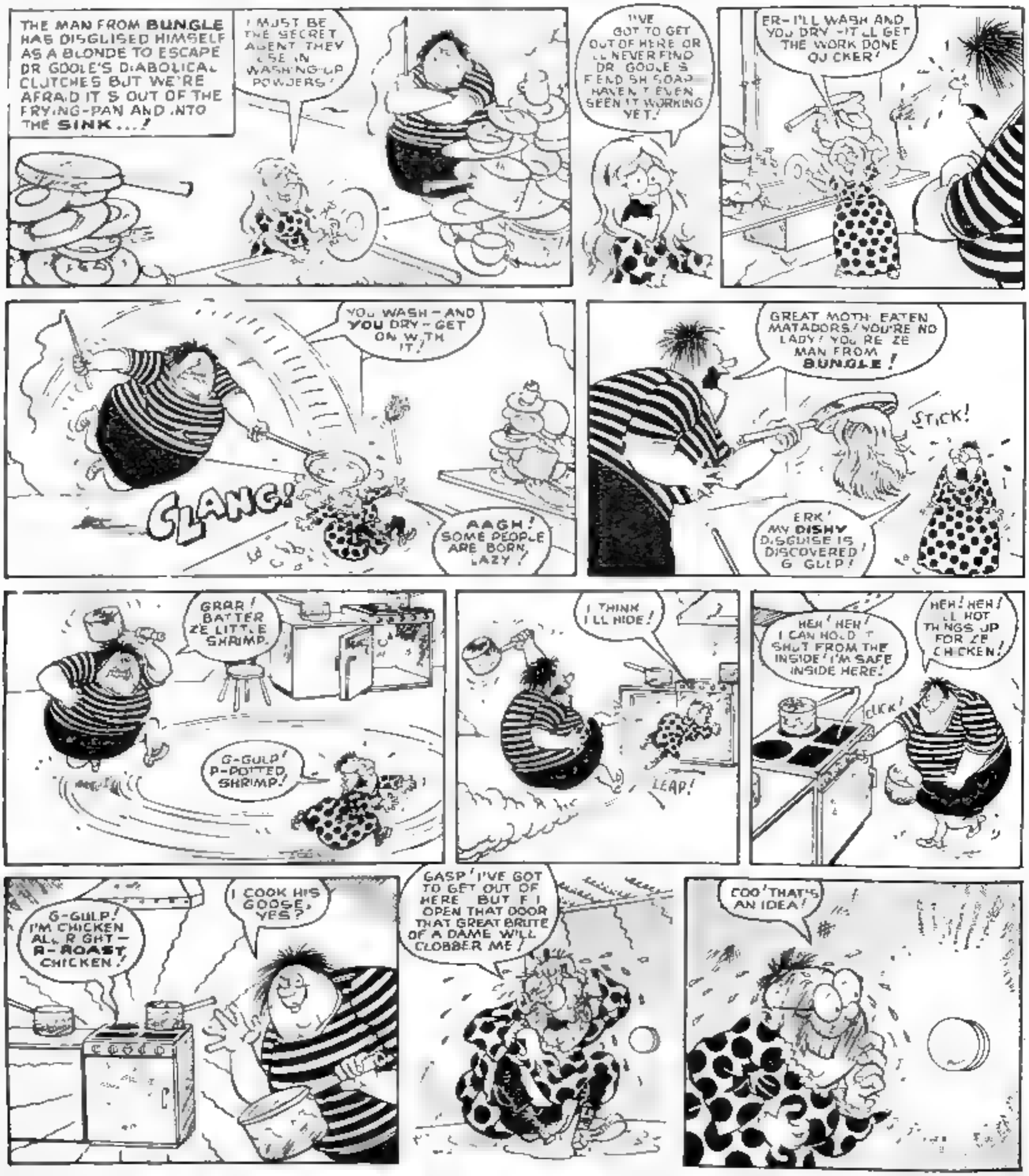
I CAN'T FAIL HIM AGAIN - NOT WHEN I OWE HIM MY LIFE!

HULK! GET UP! YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP!

HUH! IT'S THE KID-- IT'S AXE--!

HULKINUED NEXT ISH!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.


THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A BLONDE TO ESCAPE DR GOOLE'S DIABOLICAL CLUTCHES BUT WE'RE AFRAID IT'S OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN AND INTO THE SINK...!
I MUST BE THE SECRET AGENT THEY USE IN WASHING-UP POWDERS!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL NEVER FIND DR GOOLE'S FIENDISH SOAP HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN IT WORKING YET!
ER- I'LL WASH AND YOU DRY - IT'LL GET THE WORK DONE QUICKER!
YOU WASH - AND YOU DRY - GET ON WITH IT!
CLANG!
AAGH! SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN LAZY!
GREAT MOTH-EATEN MATADORS! YOU'RE NO LADY! YOU RE ZE MAN FROM BUNGLE!
STICK!
ERK! MY DISHY DISGUISE IS DISCOVERED! G GULP!
GRRR! BATTER ZE LITTLE SHRIMP.
G-GULP! P-POTTED SHRIMP!
I THINK I'LL HIDE!
LEAP!
HEH! HEH! I CAN HOLD IT SHUT FROM THE INSIDE! I'M SAFE INSIDE HERE!
HEH! HEH! I'LL HOT THINGS UP FOR ZE CHICKEN!
CLICK!
G-GULP! I'M CHICKEN ALRIGHT - A-ROAST CHICKEN!
I COOK HIS GOOSE, YES?
GASP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BUT IF I OPEN THAT DOOR THAT GREAT BRUTE OF A DAME WILL CLOBBER ME!
COO! THAT'S AN IDEA!

HEH! HEH! IF I CAN FUSE THE LIGHTS WITH THIS METAL BUTTON IT'LL CUT OFF ALL THE ELECTRICITY!

YAHOO! I DID IT! IT WORKED!

AAGH WHAT'S HAPPENED?

ONE FOR THE POT!

STOP SPY! HELP! CALL OUT ZE GUARDS!

ZOOM!

HEH HEH! THE MAN FROM BUNGLE DOES IT AGAIN!

THAT SHOULD KEEP HER OUT OF MY HAIR FOR A WHILE!

CLICK!

COO I AIN'T HALF IN A MESS THAT OVEN WAS THICK WITH GREASE I NEED A WASH!

ZE WASH ROOM

AHA! THE VERY PLACE!

TV CAMERA

POP!

OLD GOOLE MUST BUY THE BEST SOAP - JUST LOOK AT THAT LATHER!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN DOODLED THAT'S NO ORDINARY SOAP - IT'S DR GOOLE'S FIENDISH LATHER SOAP IT'LL SUFFOCATE ME!

WAA-AAH! HELP! GASP! GASP! I'M DONE FOR AT LAST!

HEH! HEH! WE'VE GOT THE TWERP NOW, BORIS - FISH HIM OUT!

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!

HOW'S THAT, BOGS? HE'S A BIT SMALL - SHALL I THROW HIM BACK?

VERY FUNNY! GASP!

HEH! HEH! DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S DIABOLICAL EPISODE - I'M GOING TO FILLET THE MAN FROM BUNGLE - I HATE BONES IN MY FISH! SNIGGER!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

HOWDY, CHARLIE! BEEN IN ANY GUNFIGHTS LATELY?

YOU BET! I'VE BEEN IN SO MANY, MY STETSON'S PLUMB RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES!

BULLET HOLES, MY FOOT—YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! THEM'S MOTH HOLES, PARDNER!

HUH! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL YOU LOT, BUT I'LL GET MYSELF A **NEW** STETSON—THERE'S A WESTERN ON THE TELLY THIS AFTERNOON!

BACK HOME, AFTER LUNCH...

REACH FOR THE SKY, HOMBRES, OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

EEK! MY HAT!

HEH! HEH! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? I'VE GOT ME A BRAND NEW STETSON!

GRR! STOP, THIEF!

GRRR! NO DOGGONE STETSON RUSTLER'S GOING TO SNITCH MY GENUINE BUFFALO-SKIN ONE!

NEXT MOMENT...

I RECKON I'D BETTER HIDE IN THE SALOON! G-GULP!

GRRR! WHERE'S THAT SNEAKING COYOTE? THAT LITTLE RATTLE-SNAKE?

DARN IT! MY BOB'S FLIPPED!

AAGH! IT WENT DOWN MY THROAT!

AHA! THERE'S THE VARMINT!

AIEE! HE MEANS BUSINESS! HE'S SIX-SHOOTING AT MY SIZE SIXES!

M...MY HOT DOGS!

AAGH! HE'S GOT ME!

COO! BANGER BULLETS!

SCRUNCH!

ANOTHER **SAUSAGE**-SKIN BITES THE DUST AND CHARLIE-THE-KID RIDES AGAIN!

I KNOW MY WESTERNS—I'LL SEE IF HE'S STILL ABOUT!

G-GULP! I RECKON HE'S STILL OUT THERE!

BOO! HOO! SOB! YOU ROTTER! **WAA-AAH!**

BOO! HOO! YOU MADE ME FILL MY OWN STETSON FULL OF HOLES! SOB! SOB!

COO! IT'S HIM!

YOU MAY AS WELL KEEP IT NOW—IT'S USELESS! BAH! BAH!

GOSH! I'D PREFER IT LIKE THIS!

AND SO...

HOW ABOUT THAT THEN? GENUINE BULLET HOLES—NO MOTH MADE THEM, PARDNER!

YEOW!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN THE ROME LABORATORY OF A FAMOUS SCIENTIST, RUBBERMAN AND THE FEROCIOUS DOCTOR BLOOM DO BATTLE..

THE MIGHTY HANDS GRIP RUBBERMAN LIKE VICES ..

CURSE YOU RUBBER MAN! YOJ HAVE GOT IN MY WAY ONCE TOO OFTEN!

HE'S AS STRONG AS A DOZEN GORILLAS! !... I CAN'T GET FREE!

EVEN A RUBBERMAN CAN BE BROKEN. AND THAT'S WHAT SHALL DO. BREAK YOU!

AND HE'S NOT FOOLING EITHER! IF I DON'T ACT QUICKLY— I'M DONE FOR!

THEN .

UUUHMH!

AS THE SAYING GOES THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL!

IT'S HOPELESS! IT'S AS F I WAS THROWING PUNCHES AT A TANK!

BAN! FOOL! YOU HAVE ONLY DELAYED YOUR DEATH! YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE!

PROFESSOR LEPPO'S MOLECULAR MACHINE MIGHT ENABLE ME TO BE A NORMAL HUMAN BEING. TO BE ABLE TO LIVE IN THE LIGHT AGAIN WITHOUT FEAR—ONCE I HAVE DISPOSED OF YOU!

THAT LAB BENCH MUST WEIGH A QUARTER OF A TON! AND HE'S LIFTING IT AS F IT WERE A WAFER BISCUIT!

EVEN AS THE HURTLING BENCH HITS, RUBBERMAN MANAGES TO GRASP THE EDGES OF THE SHATTERED WINDOW.

OOOOOFFF!

SOMEHOW HE RETAINS HIS GRIP.

CURSES! I HAD FORGOTTEN THAT YOU HAVE NO BONES TO BE BROKEN!

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETH NG ELSE TOO, BLOOM!

WHAT .. UUUHHH!

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT A RUBBERMAN CAN ALSO MAKE HIMSELF A HUMAN CATAPAULT.. LIKE THIS!

AS DOCTOR GLOOM TOPPLES BACK ON TO THE MOLECULAR MACHINE...

HE'S HIT THE SWITCH! HE'S JAMMED IT ON TO FULL POWER!

ON

OFF

CLICK!

NEXT INSTANT

THE MACHINE'S GONE HAYWIRE! IT'S TURNING HIM INTO A HUGE FRAGMENT OF PURE LIGHT...!

THE LIGHT! THE POWER! IT'S... AAAHH!

THEN COMES A SHATTERING EXPLOSION...

THE MACHINE'S BLOWN ITSELF UP ... AND GLOOM WITH IT!

PHEW! MADE IT!

LOOK! HE BOUNCES LIKE A RUBBER BALL!

LATER THAT DAY, RUBBERMAN SPEAKS TO THE PRESS...

ONCE AGAIN, YOU HAVE DEFEATED AN ENEMY OF MANKIND, RUBBERMAN. WHAT'S NEXT ON YOUR PROGRAMME?

I AM HOPING TO SEE PROFESSOR LEPPO, THE SCIENTIST WHO INVENTED THE THE MOLECULAR MACHINE THAT ALMOST TURNED ME BACK INTO FLESH AND BLOOD, AGAIN. AND I'M HOPING MORE THAN I CAN SAY, THAT HE HAS GOOD NEWS FOR ME!

BUT LATER HE SEES SADNESS AND DEEP COMPASSION ON THE FACE OF PROFESSOR LEPPO...

I'M SORRY, MY POOR FRIEND. BUT WITH THE MACHINE WERE MY NOTES, MANY, MANY FORMULAE. ALL WERE DESTROYED IN THE EXPLOSION. IT WILL TAKE ME YEARS BEFORE I CAN EVEN START TO BUILD ANOTHER!

BUT I WILL BUILD ANOTHER. I REALISE WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU, AND I AM IN DEBT TO YOU FOR MY LIFE. I WILL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE DONE SO. ONE DAY, I PROMISE YOU, I SHALL CALL YOU...!

ONE DAY! ONE YEAR! BUT HOW LONG FROM NOW? HOW LONG?

SADLY, RUBBERMAN WALKS AWAY...

I CANNOT JUST WAIT TO BECOME A HUMAN AGAIN! IT WOULD BE MORE THAN I COULD ENDURE. I MUST KEEP MOVING... KEEP MOVING!

WITHIN AN HOUR HE IS AT THE AIRPORT...

RECOGNISE HIM? IT'S RUBBERMAN! WHAT MUST IT FEEL LIKE TO BE LIKE THAT?

I MUST KEEP HOPE ALIVE IN ME. I MUST KEEP SEARCHING FOR THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE MADE ME INTO WHAT I AM... A FREAK!

WHEREVER RUBBERMAN GOES... WHATEVER HE DOES, THERE'LL BE DANGER AND EXCITEMENT FOLLOWING HIM! NEW STORY NEXT ISH!

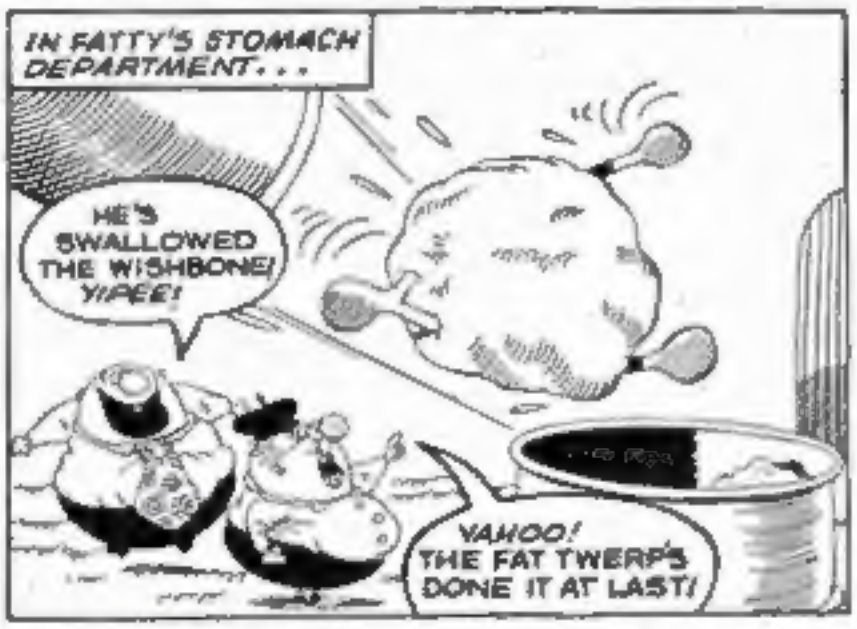
THE NERVS

THAT BLOKE LIVES ON CHICKEN! IT'S A WONDER HE DOESN'T GET CHICKEN POX!

DON'T BE DAFT, MUM— THAT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH CHICKENS!
HUH! NOTHING WOULD SURPRISE ME WITH YOU!

I LOVE CHICKEN! SLURP! SLURP!

HELP! I THINK I SWALLOWED A BONE THEN! GASP!

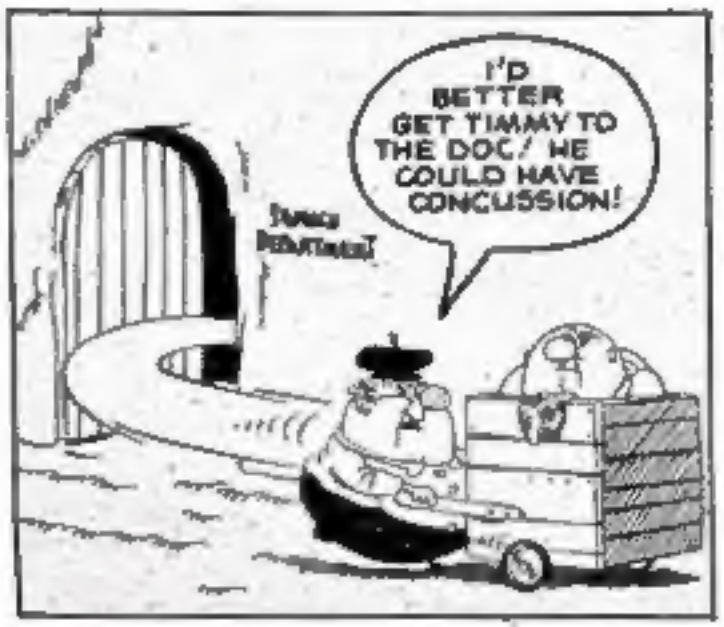

IN FATTY'S STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
HE'S SWALLOWED THE WISHBONE! YIPEE!
YAHOO! THE FAT TWERP'S DONE IT AT LAST!

I HOPE I GET THE WISH! I'D WISH THAT FATTY WOULD STOP EATING FOR TWENTY YEARS!

I MADE IT FIFTY YEARS! HEE! HEE!
CRACK!
WELL, I RECKON I LOST! I NEVER WAS LUCKY!

HE'S NOT KIDDING— HE'S DEFINITELY NOT LUCKY!!!
YE OLDE STOMACH PUMP
CRASH!

OH, DEAR! POOR OLD TIMMY— THAT WAS SOME CRACK! MAYBE HE'S FRACTURED HIS SKULL!


I'D BETTER GET TIMMY TO THE DOC! HE COULD HAVE CONCUSSION!

MINUTES LATER...
SURGERY
DOC! DOC! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP TIMMY! HE'S JUST HAD A HORRIBLE CRACK ON THE NUT!

H'MM! VERY NASTY! HIS NUT'S CRACKED ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO OPERATE!

I'LL GET THE KNOCK-OUT GAS, DOC!

I'LL DO IT FOR YOU, DOC! I LIKE ADMINISTERING KNOCK-OUT GAS!

SPLENDID, LAD! THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM OUT WHILE I OPERATE!

CLUMP!

PHUT!

BOY! I COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH A THING LIKE THIS!

PHSSS!

COO! HE WASN'T KIDDING, EITHER...

HEH! HEH! THIS IS A GAS!

THWACK!

GRR! LOOK WHAT THAT ROTTER'S DONE TO LITTLE FELIX!

TWO CAN PLAY AT HIS GAME!

HEH! HEH! HERE'S WHERE I GET REVENGE FOR FELIX!

PHSSS!

COO! YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR SCALPEL, DOC!

WHOOOOSH!

AAGH! I'VE MISSED HIM!

OH, NO! I'VE HIT THE DISEASE MACHINE!

DISEASES

MEASLES MUMPS CHICKEN POX SCARLET FEVER SPOTS EARACHE

THUD!

AAGH! WHO RELEASED THE CHICKEN-POX GERMS?

ER— WELL-ER—

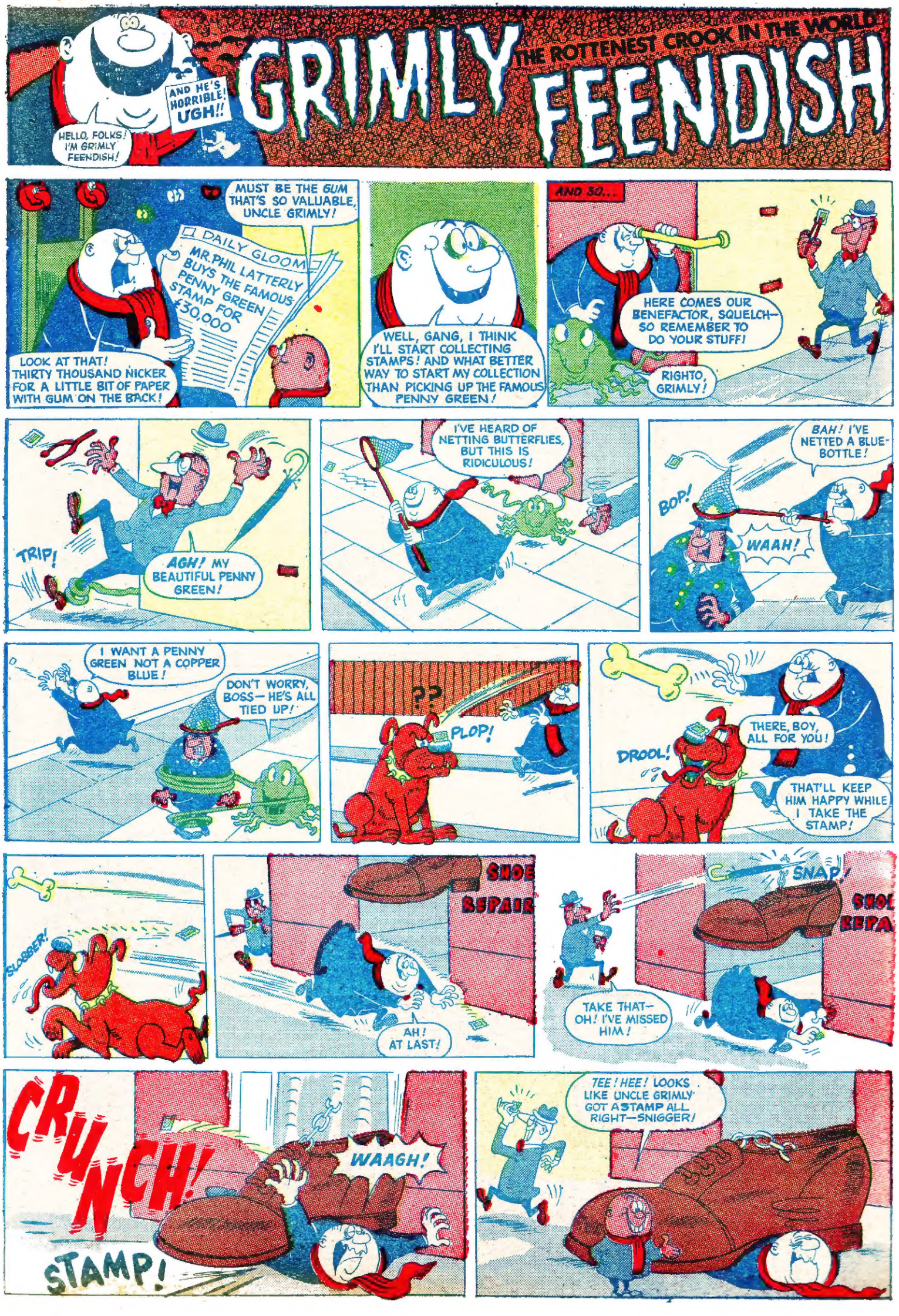
MUMPS

LOOKS LIKE FATTY HAS CAUGHT CHICKEN-POX AFTER ALL, THANKS TO THAT NURSE...

WELL, LAD— IT SEEMS YOU'VE GOT CHICKEN POX! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE IT?

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! HEE! HEE!

TELL ME— YOU CAN'T GET CHICKEN-POX FROM EATING CHICKEN, CAN YOU? GULP!


HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!
MUST BE THE GUM THAT'S SO VALUABLE, UNCLE GRIMLY!
DAILY GLOOM
MR. PHIL LATTERLY BUYS THE FAMOUS PENNY GREEN STAMP FOR £30,000
LOOK AT THAT! THIRTY THOUSAND NICKER FOR A LITTLE BIT OF PAPER WITH GUM ON THE BACK!
WELL, GANG, I THINK I'LL START COLLECTING STAMPS! AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO START MY COLLECTION THAN PICKING UP THE FAMOUS PENNY GREEN!
AND SO...
HERE COMES OUR BENEFACTOR, SQUELCH— SO REMEMBER TO DO YOUR STUFF!
RIGHTO, GRIMLY!
TRIP!
AGH! MY BEAUTIFUL PENNY GREEN!
I'VE HEARD OF NETTING BUTTERFLIES, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
BAH! I'VE NETTED A BLUE-BOTTLE!
BOP!
WAAH!
I WANT A PENNY GREEN NOT A COPPER BLUE!
DON'T WORRY, BOSS— HE'S ALL TIED UP!
??
PLOP!
DROOL!
THERE, BOY, ALL FOR YOU!
THAT'LL KEEP HIM HAPPY WHILE I TAKE THE STAMP!
SLOBBER!
SHOE REPAIR
AH! AT LAST!
SNAP!
TAKE THAT— OH! I'VE MISSED HIM!
CRUNCH!
WAAGH!
STAMP!
TEE! HEE! LOOKS LIKE UNCLE GRIMLY GOT A STAMP ALL RIGHT—SNIGGER!